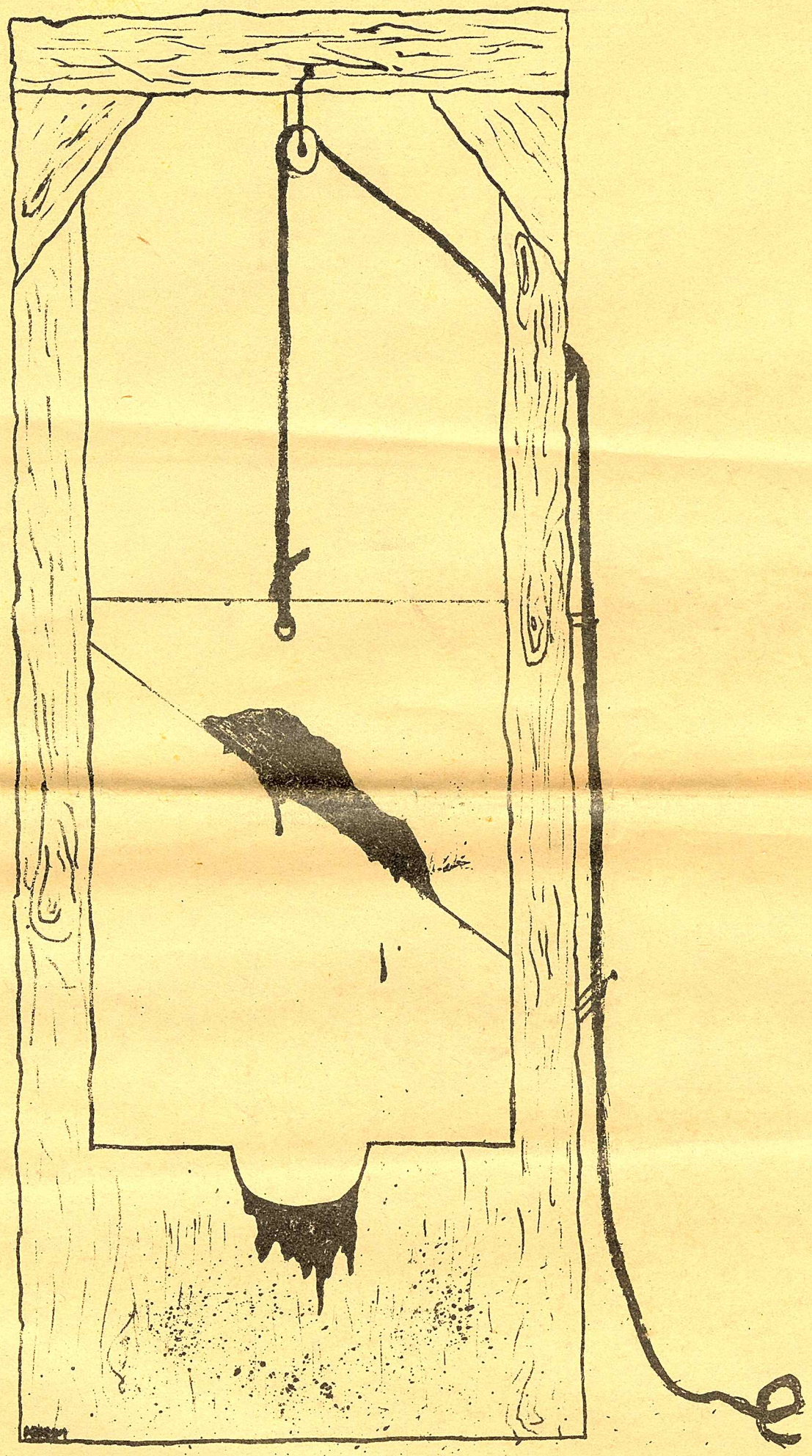
25¢

the late,

MOTHER of VOICES

BULK RATE
U.S. POSTAGE
PAID
AMHERST, MA.
PERMIT #76



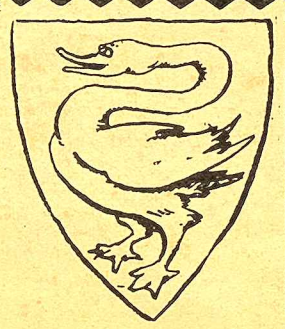
You are now reading the last issue of the MOTHER OF VOICES. In about three weeks a new publication will be produced: still owned by MOV Inc., but for legal purposes only (ads, mailing, etc.). Mother has long since passed the peak of her life function; prolonged dying wounds the bereaved. Yet, great potential still exists for the new enterprise. Now, the creative people in our community, who have been turned off in the past by the erratic quality of the late Mother, are being called upon to see if they are willing to do the work that is required for the production of a quality publication. Resurection and repatching have been abandoned at last. (Are you the 'hip' community whose Mother is deceased?) Mother is dead. Mourning is over. Rejoice in the emergence of the new publication.

But there are many things that have to be done during the weeks that follow. First, organization of a staff: a board of five dedicated editors is now being assembled; Hopefully there will be a staff to assist them in establishing a number of regular columns, news coverage, reviews of films, music and books, expanded use of graphics and photography, poetry and fiction.

There is even the probability that $5 will be paid for every article printed, but deadlines will have to be met and manuscripts typed.

A business manager has already been hired to handle all of the financial hassles--advertising, distribution, book-keeping and writing checks. He will be assisted by a part-time, paid secretary. And an office (a real office) with a telephone and heat is presently being sought in downtown Amherst.

That's it. The folks at Mother's funeral are smiling even now, as they lay the old girl to rest, in anticipation of what looks like an exciting and relevant future. "Mother would have wanted it that way."



MOV Business Manager Speaks Out

Now that the radicals have had a chance to collect sit-in merit badges, it's time for some serious talk about what was achieved, what objectives were lost, and what can be done in the future.

First, the impression that Wall Street and big business are happy about the war is absurd.

UNOFFICIAL HEAD GEAR
■ The bearded hipster with the horny headdress is Miami Patrolman Bill Riley. For seven weeks, Riley donned the beads and bells of psychedelic youth while setting up raids on drug sources. The "V" sign means "I have pot" in Hippie parlance.

(Reprinted from FRONT PAGE DETECTIVE)

Why do the leaders of the demonstrations continue their attacks? Partly, I believe that, because of the economic princiles of the leaders, They could never accept the idea that big business could be for PEACE. And partly because these war protests slow down our war effort and they are ideologically committed to a U.S. defeat. They forget that wars are fought when an attempt is made to gain territory and not because its going to increase profits of Dow or any other corporation.

The sit-in merit badges have been obtained. It is unfortunate that so many people have spent so much time on this meaningless sit-in, so little time on developing a communications medium like the MOTHER OF VOICES. Sit-ins will make the headlines, but a newspaper used as a medium of communication will bring progress.

What can be done about the future? Honesty about the objectives of a demonstration would be a good first step. Our communications media should be able both to express and help to develop the definition of problems and the proposition of solutions. The problems of war, industrial growth, education, cities, transportation, sex, contraception, abortion, and the population explosion, all go begging for solutions while the young--more interested in what can have a sharp, immediate impact--lose the future.

Uncle Dick

Oh Mama, Can this Really Be the End... by Tentley Bebinef

AMEN, may the lord have mercy on its soul.

***

I'll bet you thought the MOTHER OF VOICES died a long time ago. Maybe it should have. Undoubtedly the last three issues were, at best, mediocre. And since last fall, we have been saying to each other--maybe we should fold. Finally, we agree: If we can't put out a good paper, then we should not put out one at all.

So, I, Tentley Bebinef, last of a long line of editors of the MOTHER OF VOICES, hereby submit my resignation and announce that I shall leave shortly for the Bay City of San Francisco-- where I shall sit and watch California sink into the sea. (Old Editors never die, they just go to the Coast and get stoned.)

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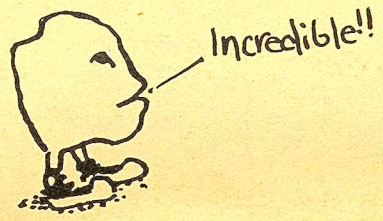


But, good readers, despair not. There are others in the Pioneer Valley who have the faith in the concepts of communication and community. So, soon, from the ashes of MOTHER shall rise a new, as yet un-named publication, filled with the the creative spirit of fertile minds and bodies. Although owned and published by Mother of Voices, Inc., the new journal will be a separate entity, using new ideas, new pwople, new approaches.

***

No one doubts the need for a radical community ne newspaper in western Massachusetts; the potential for such an undertaking is quite promising. Not only are there a number of school colleges in the area, but dozens of small towns--each with an increasingly aware population of young people-makes this endeavor necessary. If we are to bring! about change--lasting change--, it will be because a generation of young people people got together and decided that they could not live out the phony American dream, that life is too precious a thing to waste on the American rat race and that, if we are going to survive at all, it will only because we survive in cooperation with one another.

But the MOTHER OF VOICES Couldn't make it as a community medium-- partly beca cause there is no community and partly because of internal difficulties. Don't mourn, the saying goes, org ganize. Communicate, agitate, demonstrate, masturbate, concentrate, elevate, integrate, animate----but don't step on my blue suede shoes.

***

Besides, we now know that even the Beatles are mortal. (Magical Mystery Tour was not quite Help; John Lennon has genitals; Revolution is a lousy song)

***

Collectors may write to the MOTHER OF VOICES, Box 429, for back issues. Nominal fees. Subscript ions will be carried over by the corporation, worry not. Those of us on the staff of MOTHER wish the new Editorial Board the best of luck; and, although a few will remain with the new organization, together, we all now stand, in solidarity-- trying to finish this last fucking issue.

(You can leave out or change the last sentence if you want)

***

CREDIT AND BLAME may be centered on the following people: Damian Kuffler took the photos on pages 3, 4, and 5. Michael Marshmellow asked that thanks be given to G.N. Giles and James Sullivan for his existence. Tony Creamer was our poetic anthologist. Dean Scranton knows his stuff. Bob Spencer was house juggler and Ping Pong champion, although although he does not wear leather pants and drive a motorcycle in the middle of win ter. (Mark Heyda does.) Chuck Volkman stayed in the kitchen with the hawk and the rest of 681 Main St. (Larry came in and sneered on occasion.) Steve Krinsky had a bagel and milk, to say the least, but Mary Lou Supple stood by the fireplace and was embarrassed. Dana Briggs and Steve Fishman donated, while good old Charlotte Curci did, too. Liberated Marion Cimini and smiling Donna Falcone understood, even if Uncle Dick didn't. But he has the money, so it doesn't matter. And special thanks to Charles Kulikowski.

By the way, Tom Benedek was responsible for the front and back cover photos last issue. By the way.

* * *

And so, for the last time from our hole on Main St., this is Tentley Bebinef saying farewell. All that re mains is our typewriter, our mail box(429, Amherst), and 5000 copies of this issue.

Dios mio, porque me has abandonado?

On Valentine's Day, 1969, the Administration Building on the UMass campus was honored with a really nice demonstration, protesting the University's complicity with the immoral and politically disastrous acts of the U.S. government, i.e.-- military-industrial recruitment, i.e.-- Dow. About a hundred people entered the building at noon, deployed themselves to strategic areas, and began the fun-tactics of peaceful obstruction. It was a study in disorder--"I'd rather be a cop busting heads than a guy trying to organize freaks." But the group was together, aided later in the afternoon by a record player and a few joints. When "Street Fightin' Man" was played, the hardy group danced around the Placement Office, horrifying the penciled eyebrows behind the desk.

At 5:15, fifteen minutes after the formal closing time of the building, the impression was given to the students that arrest was imminent and, consequently, most of the supporters left the building. No cops arrived. At 7:00, in order to clear out any remaining supporters, the distinct impression was given that the cops were outside the building, ready to move. The rest of the supporters left. The cops arrived at 11:30 P.M.

The cops had no orders about how to treat the kids and were not informed that they were going to be non-violent. When they first arrived in the lobby to take people away, one cop used his club, under the chin of Art Cuneen, as a convenient lever. A member of the administration protested, but was threatened with arrest by an officer. He continued to tell the cops to take it easy, that the people would not resist-- but the officers needed time to convince their men to take it easy. The cops went in not knowing what to expect, and so they expected the worst.

Outside, a large group of freezing people had assembled to await the arrival of the cops and see the 33 demonstrators carted off. Most of the crowd were sympathetic, many being supporters who had left; they passed the frigid hours yelling, running around the building, bartering with Dean Noffsinger about what would happen to the 33 prisoners, and making nasty faces at the university cops inside (who were, by the way, quite upset that the Staties were going to do their job, damn it). At 11:20, two buses and a number of cars were seen speeding towards the disturbed area, lights flashing. Someone said, "I'll bet that's the cops". And it was. They answered the call, did the job, and then went home. It had been a long, hard day and nobody involved was paid fairly.

THE DAILY PLANET

VOL I NO 1

★ SIT-IN EXTRA ★

PIG RETURNS

Whitmore (DP) -- The Pig made a triumphant entrance into Whitmore Admirality Building today to the cheers and jeers of hundreds of students. Recruiting new workers for his napalm factory, Pig was met by the merry welcomers, many of whom had attended last years pig party. The students sat down to rest and there they have remained. The landlord has threatened eviction and the possible intervention of Ghenghis Blasko or the people's police....(maybe even the BRAIN POLICE)... please stand by for further.

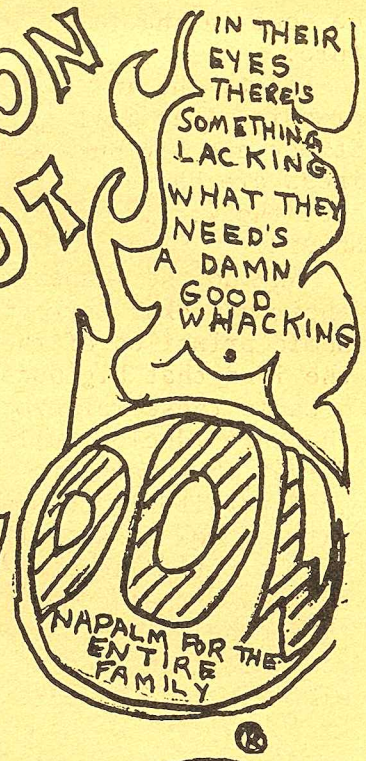
BUST!

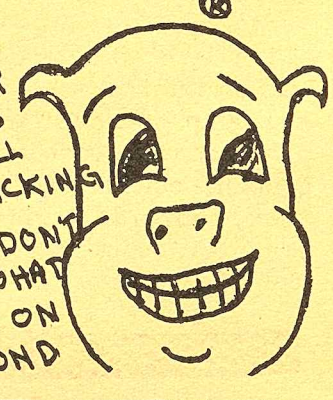
DANCE

HERE COME THE COPS

BUST TONIGHT

OUT DEMON OUTS





CLASSIFIEDS.....

WANTED--Experienced chemists, war criminal positions now open, must have own whips.

PERSONAL--Dear John, we love you, please do not throw us out into the cold...6758822

THIS COUPON ENTITLES YOU TO 10¢ OFF on your next box of saran wrap

Again, I'm confronted with the spectacle of my own misunderstanding. What happened at the University of Massachusetts on Valentine's Day, 1969? What ever happens? What can we see? I can't deal with these questions. I'm not a journalist. The questions are unreal. I accept irrationality and argue that absurdity is more real than anyone's reasonableness. I offer, therefore, a partial list of outsights arising from my first great debacle with the Fathers.

I am insane. What I think and how I think is an inherited system of contrived bits, one act plays. What I think and how I think was programmed into me; and I could not help assimilation, nor could I prevent the implications of becoming civilized.

To be insane is to be unable to feel, or only able to feel the emotion which is suitable. To be insane is to be unable, ultimately, to understand the relationship between subjective and objective experience--the flux inside the human being versus the flux outside. No one can predict until he can seperate himself from the past.

Insanity is rooted in a real operation called conditioning, or assimilating, or maturing, or learning. One is programmed from the beginning of all beginnings one can imagine. Insanity is the product of social or cultural interference with the growth of an individual; insanity is dependency: those who create dependency are victims too. One tries to understand why his thoughts and feelings are at odds--then one faces the arbitrary acts that have been one's life and accepts their absurdity with diminishing squeamishness.

Touch, taste, smell, sight, and hearing are the channels of reinforcement. Through our senses we have frozen within us the formula routines which bring the most attention from those we love. We end up being the worst parts of those we love. Our actions which bring the most attention; yet they are actions which most disturb the contrived unquestionability of those we have loved--those people who are the ultimate source of our childhood ideas of reality.

Then what happened during the sit-in at the Whitmore Administration Building at the University of Massachusetts? Disregarding the inevitable use of violence--the State Police--an ideological break occurred: a radical synthesis appeared. The link between public opinion and me was broken. The guilt and shame and embarrassment, the roles and habits and the expectations, representing my internalizing of the system, were displaced. Simultaneously arose my irrepressible tears--the sudden beautiful realization of my own fears, my own unique confusion. I began to think about becoming a human being, because I suddenly focused on my own fears rather than on my social frustrations. As honestly as I could, I faced my own feelings and declared them. I understood the variety of possible academic interpretations--political stupidities--and chose none.

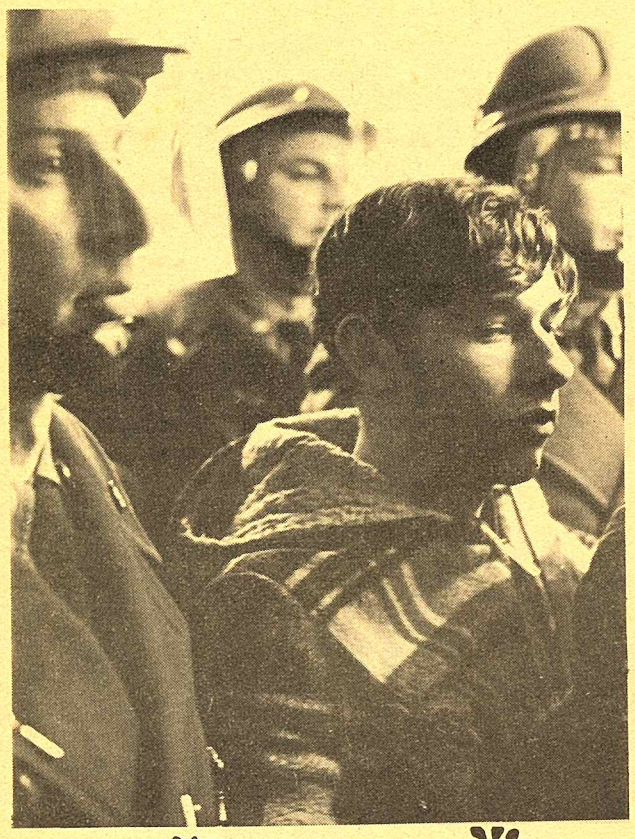
What were others doing? I don't know, or only vaguely know; I can't speak for them. I know that in their own ways they were becoming alive. Together, we communally validated our desire to seek out and accept life, and to reject all substitutes no matter who offers them--church, state, or university.

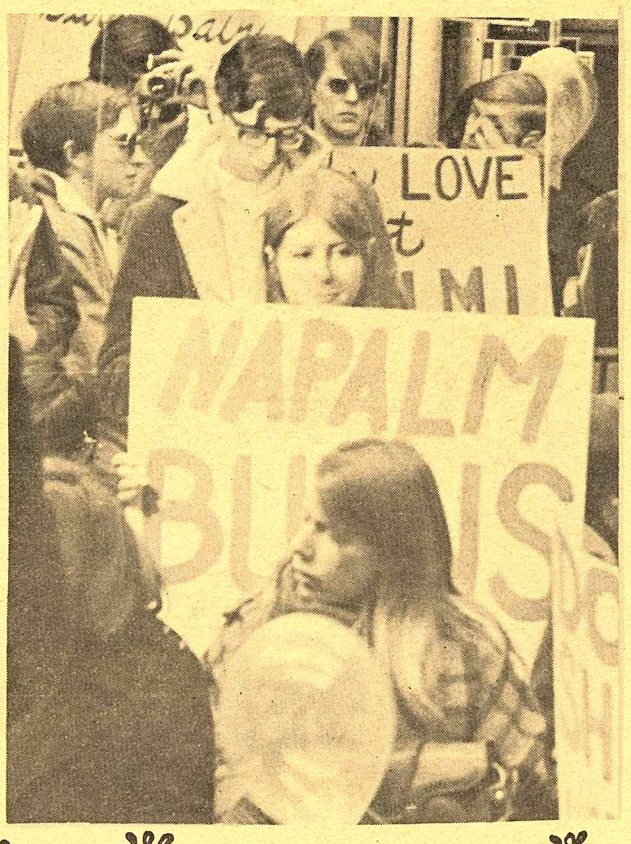
--Bart Kaplan

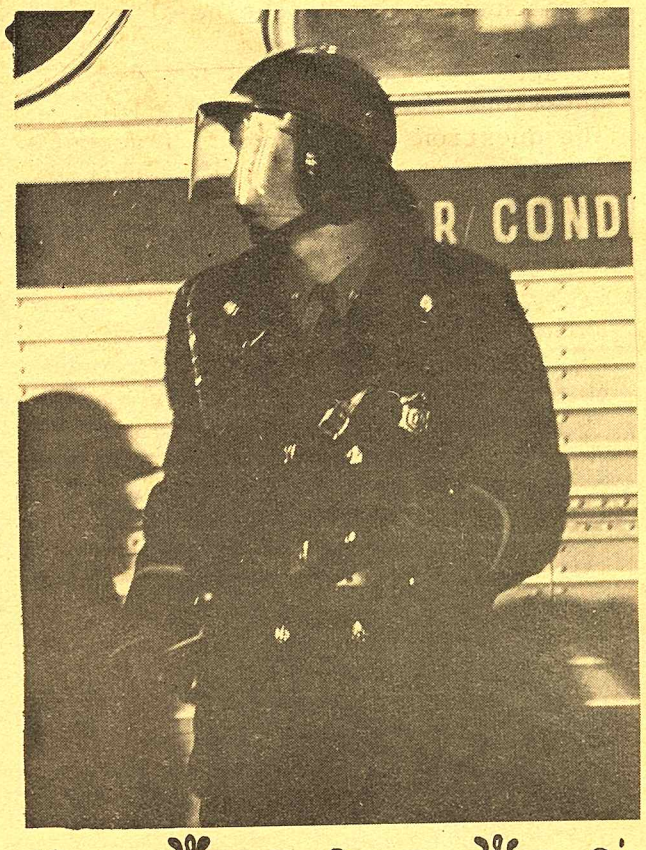
The choiceless administrators at UMass knew that violence of any kind could result during the Valentine's Day arrest and prepared themselves for that violence. All administrators and staff were ordered to the second floor; some stayed where they were. All the coppies had gas masks: therefore, tear gas or mace would have been used, and the administration wanted the real people to stay literally above the fumes.

During the demonstration, as we began to use the telephones in the Placement Office, the head flunkey, Dr. Monissey, angrily stated: "No student has ever used the phones in this office." What a costly break with tradition were we innocently the agents of.

A state cop who violated my being --badge #388-- when asked by me in the dark bus during the trip to the jail whether he minded if I sang, said that he didn't mind. But another cop turned around and told me to shut up. I looked at my cop and he said, "I'm a follower, he's a leader."







An English professor once told me not to begin any sort of writing apologetically. "It will seem as though either you are unsure that what you are saying is correct, or you are not well enough acquainted with the material." I'm sorry, Dr. Dean, but this article begins with an apology. I feel that it is right to say I am sorry many of you will disagree with what I am saying. Especially sorry to the people who "occupied" Whitmore Hall with me on Valentine's Day. But, though this piece may disappoint you, brothers and sisters and all others who look upon this act as something greater than I do, I feel quite free to tell you. Tell you what I'm not sure is correct and what I don't know enough about.

I am able to cry, when I think of what I could have done an hour ago. When I had an hour to spare. I could have spoken to these ones, could've loved them and myself(better), could have even given them presents. It would have been so easy then, an hour ago, to stop and know. To know whose words were true and real, to act the way I desired and not the way time demanded. But in that sea of smiles, floating--buoyed by two powerful hands (the left was gentle, the right rough)-- I couldn't see to swim or learn that I had always known how. No time to see until now. when there's an hour gone.

"Stay," one friend told me, "It'll be a gas." And I stayed. And it was; he was right. I knew I'd be staying.. had known for three days, since that other one had mentioned confidentially that a number of people were going to "sit-in" at Whitmore in the Placement Office on Thursday, going to get arrested, maybe, hinted in between the words that here was a chance to act according to beliefs or notions about the way they make our system run. A chance to say "Goddamn your ways of making people learn the things they'll need to fill the holes in your war machine."

I knew that I would be staying, though the thoughts of doing something wrong wouldn't let me decide. Rationalizations built on what I'd learned from Parents. God(rest his soul), and Country. Or on hallucinations of the future. I stayed(repetitious? Oh yes, but for emphasis). It was something that had to be done because of all I've come to believe.

No, wait a minute...I've said it wrong again. It wasn't because I had to do it; no one forced me. It was my decision. I WANTED TO...Really, don't you believe me?

As far as the reason for our sitting in--as a group--it had always been quite clear, quite open. In the initial statement, presented to Dean Field, it was clear that the Ad Hoc Committee to end Military Industrial Recruitment demanded an end to "University complicity with the Military Industrial complex." Toward this end an open forum had been demanded and on this basis all subsequent negotiations and actions were undertaken. It was also clear from the outset that Dow Chemical Corporation was not the target. Rather, Dow was merely the most available and appropriate means for actually--and symbolically--confronting the non-educational practices of the University, but also, through the University (our immediate environment), which reflects the structures and coercive manipulative functionings of society, for confronting "our" society as a whole.

"Reasons for sitting in--as a group---", he said. A group of people who think--no, feel that they have found a way to make people listen to what they have to say. "As a group" that is usually free to speak. Words that others listen to, then turn, saying,"My, my, how true," or "Do they really mean that?" to return to their customary unconcious compliance with a system that will pay them $12,000 a year if they close their eyes to the fact that they are not free. And that the system they support is killing and enslaving in their name.

"Reasons," he speaks of, thinks of in his logical structured mind, with the same logical rhetoric he and Dean Field have learned from their fathers, logical patterns that make it easier for the dean to say, "You are breaking a law," when you are doing something that hurts no one but yourself. And enables President Lederle to say, "They can't do this to my University."

Yes, there were reasons for the group of thirty-three to sit, and for the two hundred to march and for the three hundred to wait outside for hours in the cold and for the State Police to come and for the Picketting Code and for the farce which is called a trial and for the system in which it all takes place.

Because of all these reasons there have been a lot of meetings and discussions since Valentine's Day and each time people have talked about the consequences of the actions of not only the 33 arrested, but all of the people who, for many reasons, though they empathized with us, did not chose to stay until the police arrived to do their job. "What does the group do next?" they ask. "What did the group accomplish by sitting-in?"

Some may answer that the demonstration was the initial action of a mass movement which will eventually lead to changes in the practices of the University and that it is now the responsibility of the 33 to organize the further actions which will lead to those changes. It is, they say, the groups job to serve as leaders in whatever happens as a result of our revolutionary act.

What if one sit-in was a conclusion, not a beginning? A conclusion to what happened when Dow visited this campus last year. And what if the group, which is expected to lead the way for other students who don't yet know how they can show their personal concern with the way this University and the larger society coerces them into selling their freedoms, is not a real entity? Only a body of committed and arroused individuals who, joined together for a few hours, formed a community based on their similar commitments, to take advantage of an opportunity to act in accordance with their personal beliefs?

Yet during the past three weeks, this group has failed to exhibit or form the cohesion that is necessary, if it is to provide leadership in any "mass-movement." Perhaps this is because there has been an over-emphasis on the unity of the group and the reasons behind the actions.

Don't you know I did it because it felt so good to do? It felt really nice to do the things I had thought about doing . Things that made my living real for just a while. Some one told me about right acting and now more of what he meant is clear.

--Bob Spencer

Tantrum To An Encore

I.

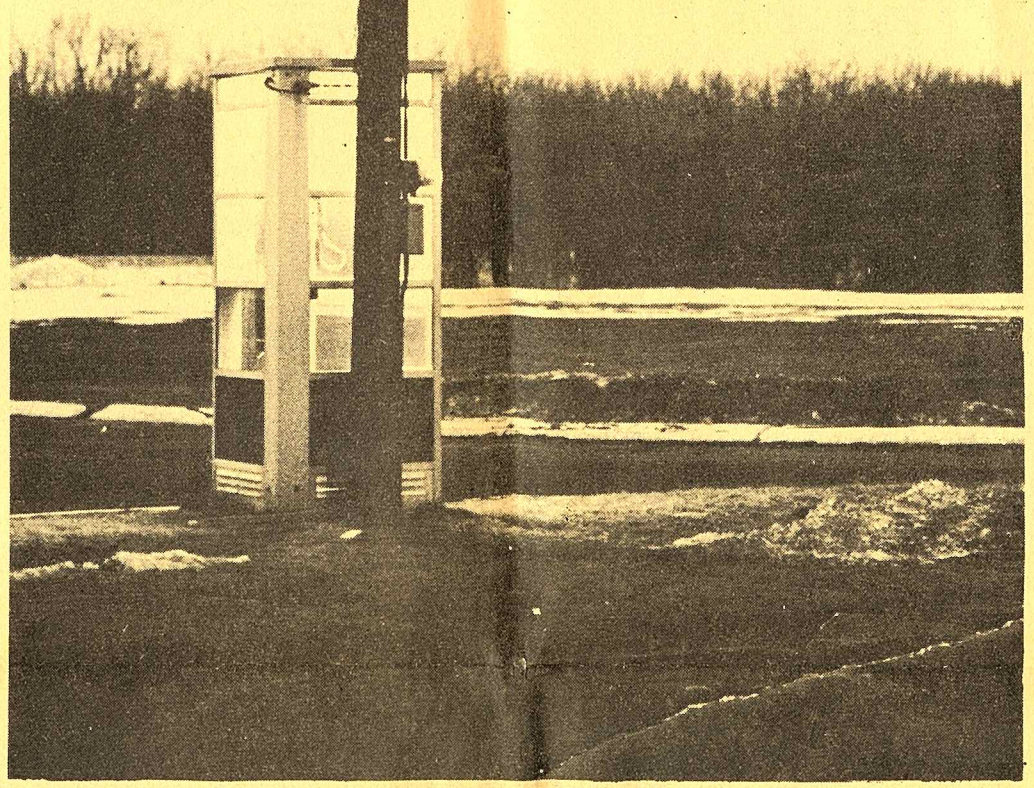
How round roll the drums?
How sound sleeps the hole?
Whose hammer is playing blind-man's bluff
on my knees?
Could I be the Phantom of the Opera unmasking himself
Or wear I a mask under my face?
Chewing the gum of games gone by
my mouth is dry and tastless...
the bubbles have all been popped
the end of living is living
And I don't hit all the notes
-I just miss the ones I want to...
Gone to worship the Lord's Shepherd
I look unto me
For I am the one far above the tranquil vallies
below
-Far above the far below, far below the far above
I just don't know, but with a yo-ho-ho:
I'm far above the far below!
Godzilla weeps King Kong tears
Drowning the little men
In his pity...
(Matthew Bell:"I once heard about a man with
all these troubles, see?
And he was going crazy, see?
Anyway, he got a ride on the Titanic... see?
He fell into a well-being filled with water"
Chorus:He couldn't live with himself
No no no he couldn't live with himself
So he went out and got drowned
Past the continental shelf)
Chain-link coincidences hang themselves out
to air their opinions
I hang...
...cloak of time
Must I pay this debt to death with my life?
Is Dorian Gray's picture still alive?
The pavement wet with sleep
soaks the dust in like a sponge...

II.

The wind whistles a spider's scrambled legs
and cuts across the ocean of air like a white whale
Yes, and of what evolution is my nature?
With what revolution will I shock-treat which plateau?
Or is it too much to ask
So bask I hawk-eye
before the last smoking ember of a Mohican miscarriage.
Dare myself to walk on through heaven
and all its pitfalls
-the proof is in the padding, Miss fony flatchest
-Lobodomy #3: another piece of my mind
-man is being framed with a wig
-man with a broken foot has a cast of thousands
of stale signatures
-sign in a store window: "we are open...to anything"
Festival of Eleusis, I hear voices:
"Doth where in good thirst good humour lie?"
"Ay, when a man loves his brew
Doth not a day without

I love you in the between of words
Where grave commas even pause in awe
Of those tombstone silences;
I love you across your fences of sentences
You erect to keep me from trespassing your
Existence; I love you in the
Orchard of your ego where you tend the
Questions of your being afraid to let
Me see the holes you can't fill with
Even the fruits
Of our embraces.

Richard Latta



let me bring him home, my green lover,

Ambition's deepfurrowed condoling smile
sagged, said
"We want a peace in Viet Nam that
can only be maintained through
the durable -onds of peace--"
appealed for historical progress;
new gains along the circumference, while any
one man's life is painful creeping
through measured seasons while Earth breaks
us. Torments us with fleshcarving
winds til blind numb from terror
one tearing another we strive
through the solace of frantic cruel dreams.
So the saying "Peace perfect Peace" Yes,
for those beyond the inevitable spreading
towards Earth's center--her insensibly granted
triumph: we replenish.

David Alleyne

Pillbox Embryo

Hallucination Hill
All I do is stare
Hallucination Hill
Really isn't there

Larry Trillo

Now the first instinct generated by the heather and russet of the clothes we wore drew our things. There was no fixing, no desire or emotion: it was of a change. We stood as if in love, throwing the ideal light everywhere into the trees to rouse the sleeping birds down to disturb us, a leaf was given and quickly hidden, our hands (knotted, reticent, separate) stuffed back in our pockets; we might have heard that dry leaf crumple without sickening. How much the purity of that martial hour would not strive for power in any way or for what we considered. Alienated, we were cut off, believing there to be, within the purity, an available source while a thousand others became disgusted and gave up: it helped us be rid of them. -The initiate, weakened and giving his secrets to every woman that came up to him, was clever; no harm from Dahlila or Blodeuwedd. He devised this paragraph as a beginning so to throw any who read it and had no spirit away.

Then man and woman began to touch with a perilous maze of defeat making nerves as if they did not touch yet. Then you and I touched and were led away.

All of this took place with the sun already up, a spell of four words having been put upon the birds by the Prince of Night; so they could not fly out of sleep while I wore the mask of the Prince of Night without imitating him, for that would be ungracious.

She was in my arms not yet looking at me.

-sign in a store window: "we are open...to anything"
Festival of Eleusis, I hear voices:
"Doth where in good thirst good humour lie?"
"Ay, when a man loves his brew
Doth not a day without
tell him how thirsty he is?"
... the crack in the Liberty Bell is getting bigger...
Hiding a concealed weapon is exposing it
"Shoot 'em right between the thighs!"
"Yes Mayor"
Don't paper things over... I must depart
Boundaries are stepping stones to the other side
which doesn't exist in the first place
And a human deal says there are 52 cards in a deck
but only one God who buys on credit.
The rise and fall of everything is an infinite series of stages
There are no times other than the present
which moves so fast that it stands still
The present is a present--here, take it!
"Wwwwell, what am I gonna do with it?
Where am I gonna keep it?
You know how it is with three kids and a dog
We're running out of space"
Run out of space?
It's infinite...
We're only running out of atmosphere.
Rejoice! This is the first day of the rest of your life!
Grow amazing live sea monkeys right in your own home.
Fathers mothers parents of all shapes and sizes:
Great small lean brawny
Brown black grey tawny...
Buy your sons and daughters golden books
to help their looks in senile times
For someday they will go to college beneath a mountain
and you'll be bathing in a river behind the sound of
Gerry Mulligan's rat concerto.

III.

Yes, I am a dreamer
in a fit of playful tongue
upon your palate earful.
I am but an actor who squanders a beggar's fortune
under the noses of the clogged.
Listen to my tantrum
My soliloquy as it ceases to be
Though your minds will not be open
Until I swallow my tongue.

Larry Trillo

with a hawk-hooded helmet
in mail of black leather
razor-zippers and buckles
   smells of grease and electricity
   tobacco and rubber smoke
the mercenary, iron-mounted, plows new battlefields.

tony creamer

let me bring him home, my green lover,
in mud and tears;
you have wrung him dry in your wet
make believe jungle,
in your Monopoly game,
and have you left him something of himself
to carry home to me?
and shall i greet him laughing tall
beside your angry boats, reluctant to disgorge him ?
and shall i walk wifely beside a chair, a litter,
and mourn my green lover dead-not dead?
and shall his empty name be read from empty lists
and he be brought back empty too, and still?
let me bring him home in silence, for my son
will finish out the game for you someday.

Ellen Kates

Half-man--
moves through my dreams like doom
enclosing in one mossy fist whatever soundless
thought i bear
to him in windy boxes
yet
unknown feet stir in my bed
where i have gone to die,
to trample soundlessly the faces
of half-people nunlike
gliding in my bones

J.L.

spell of four words having been put upon the birds by the Prince of Night; so they could not fly out of sleep while I wore the mask of the Prince of Night without imitating him, for that would be ungracious.

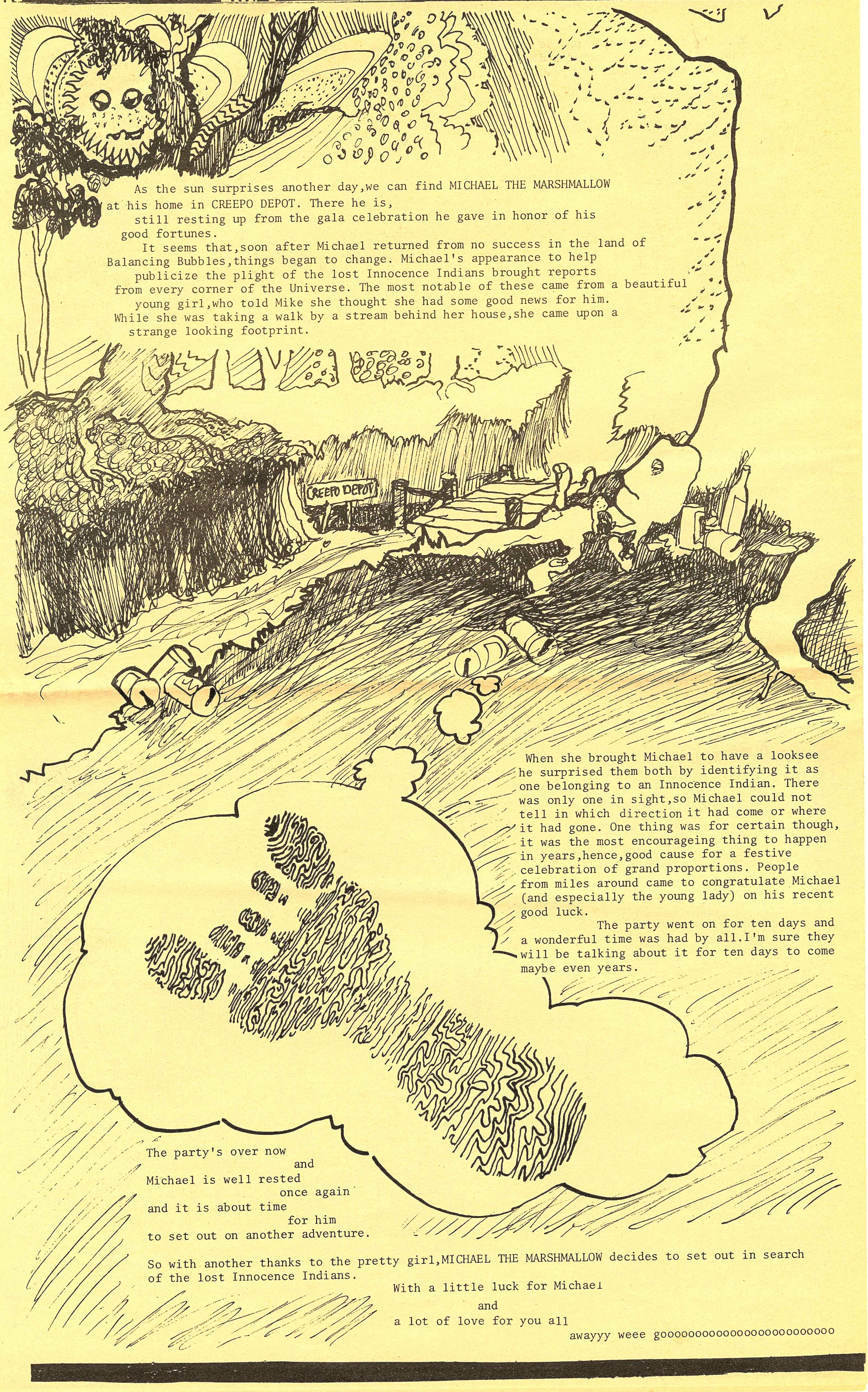
She was in my arms not yet looking at me.

A tree! Trees, trees everywhere all at once, dark in the brightening day. Dim eyes loving me, dimmer eyes casting their spell on you. Those eyes were searching for us and you were so still.

This is discouragement for any woman coming near me who has not done a work. There is only danger here, for my being able to write at all has killed something in you and you are pointed to; loneliness! death! I have already looked away from you, turned away, walked off and screamed like death as you walk alone. Don't go nearnthat tree!

Would you prefer to know me? How could you ever answer?

G.J.C.



As the sun surprises another day,we can find MICHAEL THE MARSHMALLOW at his home in CREEPO DEPOT. There he is, still resting up from the gala celebration he gave in honor of his good fortunes.

It seems that,soon after Michael returned from no success in the land of Balancing Bubbles,things began to change. Michael's appearance to help publicize the plight of the lost Innocence Indians brought reports from every corner of the Universe. The most notable of these came from a beautiful young girl,who told Mike she thought she had some good news for him. While she was taking a walk by a stream behind her house,she came upon a strange looking footprint.

When she brought Michael to have a looksee he surprised them both by identifying it as one belonging to an Innocence Indian. There was only one in sight,so Michael could not tell in which direction it had come or where it had gone. One thing was for certain though, it was the most encourageing thing to happen in years,hence,good cause for a festive celebration of grand proportions. People from miles around came to congratulate Michael (and especially the young lady) on his recent good luck.

The party went on for ten days and a wonderful time was had by all.I'm sure they will be talking about it for ten days to come maybe even years.

The party's over now
and
Michael is well rested
once again
and it is about time
for him
to set out on another adventure.

So with another thanks to the pretty girl,MICHAEL THE MARSHMALLOW decides to set out in search of the lost Innocence Indians.

With a little luck for Michael
and
a lot of love for you all

awayyy weee goooooooooooooooooooooooo

DOWN the front steps,on up the hill and it is out into the bigness he goes. After a very short while, Creepo Depot is left far behind and MICHAEL THE MARSHMALLOW is well on his way to who knows what this time.

A little further down the road and he came upon an arrow pointing off down the road to his right, "Indıans maybe?",he thought, so he hurriedly skipped on along until he came to a ladder leading straight up into the bigblue sky. Of course,there was another arrow pointing up the ladder,so up he went.

He climbed and climbed and climbed and climbed and pretty soon it became all dark and cold,but Mikey kept on climbing up and up and up.Finally, after a climb of at least]00 years he found another arrow pointing to his left this time."Boy,I sure hope something happens soon," and sure enough the next arrow pointed right at Michaels heart(MARSHMALLOWS HAVE BIG HEARTS)and with a flash of light he found himself in a huge cave. This frightened Mike for awhile and he glanced around rather suspiciously for a few seconds, but he soon felt at ease when he saw he was not alone. Everywhere he looked, the cave was filled with marshmallows,kangaroos,lollipops,lampshades,lemons,grapes,bunnie rabbits,roses and just about everything he or you or I could ever imagine.Upon some further investigation,he came to the conclusion that some kind of meeting was going on. Just to be sure,he turned to an apple who happened to be near by and said,"What's happening,baby?"

tThe apple proceeded to tell Michael that this was the meeting of the makers of the Grand Illusion and they were all here to decide what was to be done.It seems they had let everything become a terrible mess and now something just had to be done.

"You're in luck,just in time for the parade of solutions,"and from somewhere a band struck up a snappy tune and in came the representatives of the different schools of thought carrying signs with their solutions printed out in big fat letters.

One by one they all came by the magic eye and it took a picture of each of them holding their sign. When all the pictures were taken,the magic eye sent them to the magic box,whose job it was,to come up with the best solution.When this was donethe eye winked his approval and they all sat down to await the decision.

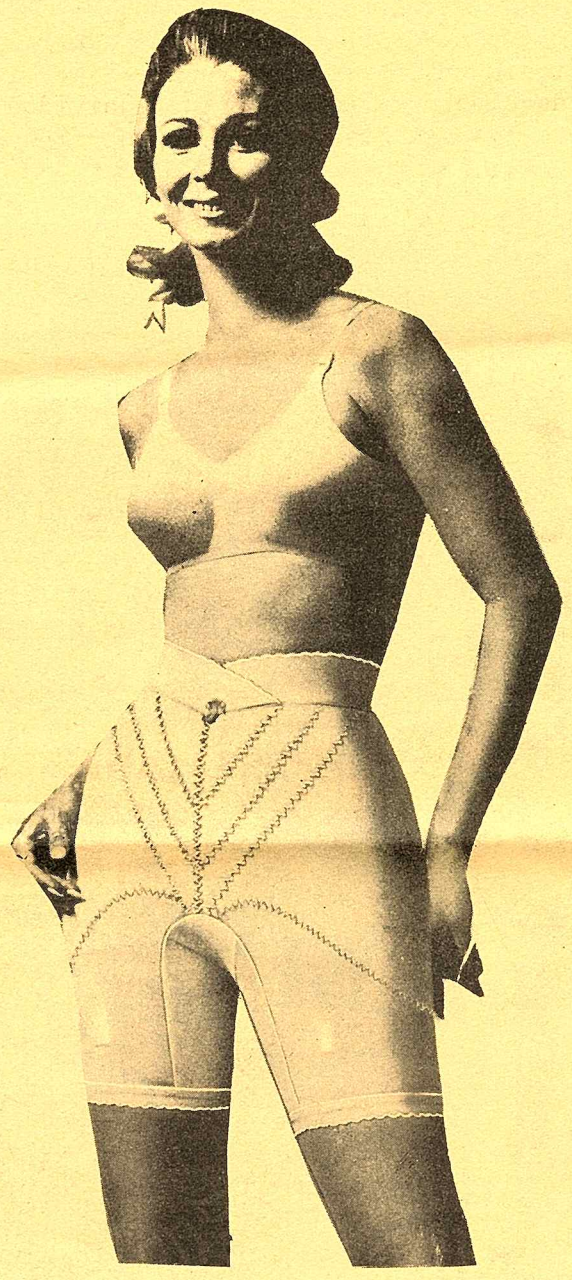
Pretty soon colored lights began to flash and everyone looked to a big screen above the magic eye. Michael gathered that the great confusion would appear there,and not long afterwards it did indeed appear. When Michael looked up to see ,what he read caused tears to well up in his eyes.The reaction was the same with all those present and a great cloud of gloom and sadness spread throughout the cave. Michael slowly turned and started walking in any direction his feet would take him and by some strange twist he found himself at the top of the ladder.Down and down he climbed until he reached the bottom. He walked on with his eyes cast to the ground and he would not speak to anyone he saw.He finally got back to his house and he closed the door behind him. He went right to his favorite chair where he sat and cried until there were no more tears.He would not speak for days but one day he was heard to mumble one phrase

"It said NO MORE CHILDREN."

GNO

JMS

SEX FIFTH AVENUE



"Love starts at Chase Manhattan," said the psychedelic lettering on the plastic shopping bags given to the girls attending New York's first Bridal Fair at Madison Square Garden on Valentine's Day weekend.

In a back stairwell, house dicks, rented cops,some of the city red squad and independent heavies had isolated 10 radical women who were disrupting the day's slave trade and were busy throwing them down the steps,slamming them up against concrete walls, twisting their arms and screaming,"You're sick, you're sick, you're sick."

"The best things in life are free. But it's the little extras that run into money. For the best things in life that aren't free, start a savings plan with your friend at Chase Manhattan." Planted among birds and flowers, this suggestion decorated bigger-than-life posters covering the Garden's Felt Forum.

Bride's Showcase International's press kit proclaimed:

*The average bride spends over $3,000 to furnish her new home and $500 for apparel.

*Brides spend an estimated $5 billion annually.

*Weddings have increased from 1,302,000 in 1934 to an estimated 2,000,000 in 1968 with U.S, Department of Health, Education, and Welfare projections estimating 2,170,000 in 1970.

*Each year brides outspend the other "big spenders" (girl's 19-25) by more than 14 to one.

*Wedding dresses alone are estimated to have a $50 million market potential and the trousseau market is put at $162 million.

And the sponsors know it. The Bridal Fair was the first for New York, though such lucrative activity has been staged in most smaller cities and towns on Valentine's Day weekend for years. It was felt that New Yorkers were too sophisticated for this crude display. An assumption proven wrong, to the thinly disguised glee of Modern Bride Photographers, Sachs Quality Stores, New York Blue Cross/ Blue Shield, Northeast Airlines, Ramal-Vincent Orchestras, Maxim Freeze-Dried Coffee, the Chase Manhattan Bank, Brides' Magazine, Aeronaves de Mexico, Bahamas Tourism, International Coffee, Inc. and Radio WMCA. Behind Pepsodent smiles, 'bridal experts' cheerfully battered the fears, self-doubts, and emotional needs that modern media had created in the thousands of young women attending into tangible commodities, and sold them back at a profit...

Beribboned, miniskirted, golden-streaked damsels by the thousands pushed and poked to grab the hand-outs in the bridal booths, stuff raffle tickets into their respective slots, consider Florida honeymoons via Northeast Airlines, dial-a-decorator from Sach to plan their decorating needs, negotiate low-cost personal loans from you-know-who, hire a band, and fill out Modern Bride's Bridal Book's purchased at $2.50 a copy.

God was out in force too. Marble Protestant Church's booth displayed such pamphlets as "Are You Fun to Live With?" and Christian Guide Lines for Sex, Love, and Marriage."

The black girls among the thousands present could be counted on one hand. At the booth of Bahamas Tourism, a toy statue of a black Bahaman with an ear-to-ear smile and a snow-white uniform held up a sign: "Plan your honeymoon with Bahamas Tourism."

WMCA's Good Guy Dan Daniel finally got the girls into their seats by assuring them, "Ladies, you have two more chances before we let you out of here today to visit the booths."

He then introduced WMCA's other Good Guys. Chuck Browning, "The Chucker," took the mike long enough to apologize for the WITCH demonstration and to speculate that the WITCHes were "teed off because nobody ever proposed to them."

The morning's panel discussion consisted of a male doctor, a male clergyman, a male banker, a male dial-a-decorator and a lady from Bride's Magazine. She (Barbara Donovan) explained that being a wife today is overwhelming. You have to be a "lover, mother. friend helpmate,gormet cook and contribute to community affairs as well," so that "planning is very important."

Dial-a-decorator told girls not to skimp on the "essentials". "You know you need a bed, bedding,a comfortable sofa, chairs, storage cabinets, quality curtains and proper lighting fixtures. These are absolute musts. Make color work for you. Remember, painting is the wonder drug of home furnishing furnishing."

Man-doctor said, "Whether you use pills,or some other birth control device, work out good lasting health habits through a frank and open talk with your family doctor."

Dan Daniel Good Guy announced intermission before the fashion show. We decided to leave and exited through the glass door just in time to see the rent-a-fuzz slap a demonstrator in the face and shove her out of the Garden.

--Margie Stamberg
(LNS/Guardian)

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Among local activities, there will be a workshop on Women's Liberation on Sunday, March 9, at 2:30 at UMass Student Union)

WASHINGTON, D.C. (LNS) --- Mrs. Pat Nixon, her hair stylishly coiffed and her mind destroyed by years of oppression, recently commented, "A woman must first and foremost be a homemaker."

"Some of my women friends say, 'Your life is too dull, you ought to do more' ".

"But I don't think so. I get all the interest in public life I need going around with Dick...

"My level in politics is answering telephones."

You've come a long way.

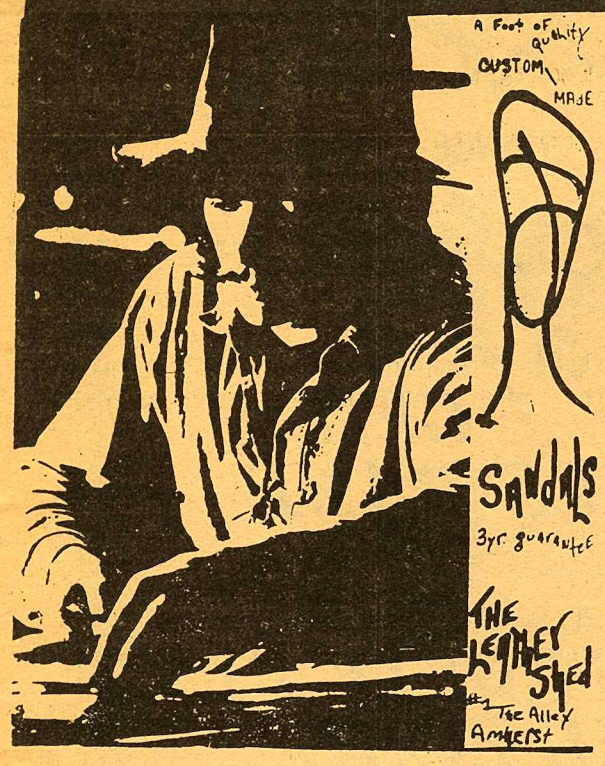
Fragments

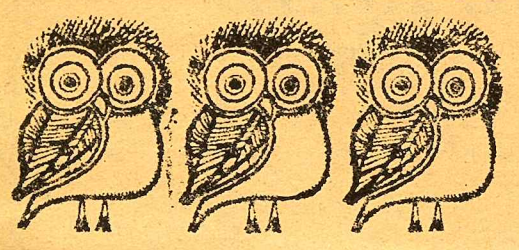
I surfaced unprepared
a wound to the psyche
they cautioned
not this,
Knowing pain precedes life
Doing battle,
who had time
for index of femininity?

Retarded children, nose pressed flat to glass
mimicking the panther's motion
heads moving in unison at every tail flick
a chorus to the free.
Seemingly unaware
of their cage
They moved in orderly fashion
two by two
to a different drummer
Surrounded by normal children
who shrieked, teased the animals
and pushed their way
through the
two by two's

Ellen O'Donnell

(Reprinted from Women's Liberation Publication
62 Pleasant St. Apt 2 Cambridge, Mass. 02139.)





Want to go somewhere else and start up on your own? What kind of shelter will you build? Where are you going to find the land?

There is a single source that will give you leads on answering these and a great many other questions: The Whole Earth Catalogue. It is a guide to 1) classic texts on such subjects, 2) contemporary solutions by people like you and me, 3) volume distribution of hardware and non-consumer technology and 4) many other catalogues that are not to widely known.

"We are as gods", the purpose statement of the catalogue begins, "and might as well get good at it. So far, remotely done power and glory-- as via government, big business, formal education, church-- has succeeded to the point where gross defects obscure actual gains. In response to this delemma, and to these gains, a realm of intimate, personal power is developing-- power of the individual to conduct his own education, find his own inspiration, shape his own environment and share his adventure with whomever is interested. Tools that aid this process are sought and promoted by the Whole Earth Catalogue."

Whole Earth Catalogue

The purpose statement says it almost completely; but, to be more specific, the Catalogue lists, reviews and gives detailed practical information about places to get tools necessary for maintaining any kind of alternative culture. It includes sources of metaphysical tools, also, that might aid in the development of under standing of entire systems of thought and religion, tools and information to be used in various crafts, tools concerning the land (farming information , lists of reprints concerning geodesic domes, camping equipment), comunication tools-- computers, film, etc. and bookmaking equipment. And much,much more.

It is available from the Portola Institute, 1115 Merrill Street, Menle Park, California, and costs $5. If you think you have something to add to it, however, and write a review, you can get ten dollars to enable you to make use of the stuff that The Whole Earth Catalogue offers.

Mini-Ads

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25¢ each line after
(30 characters per line)

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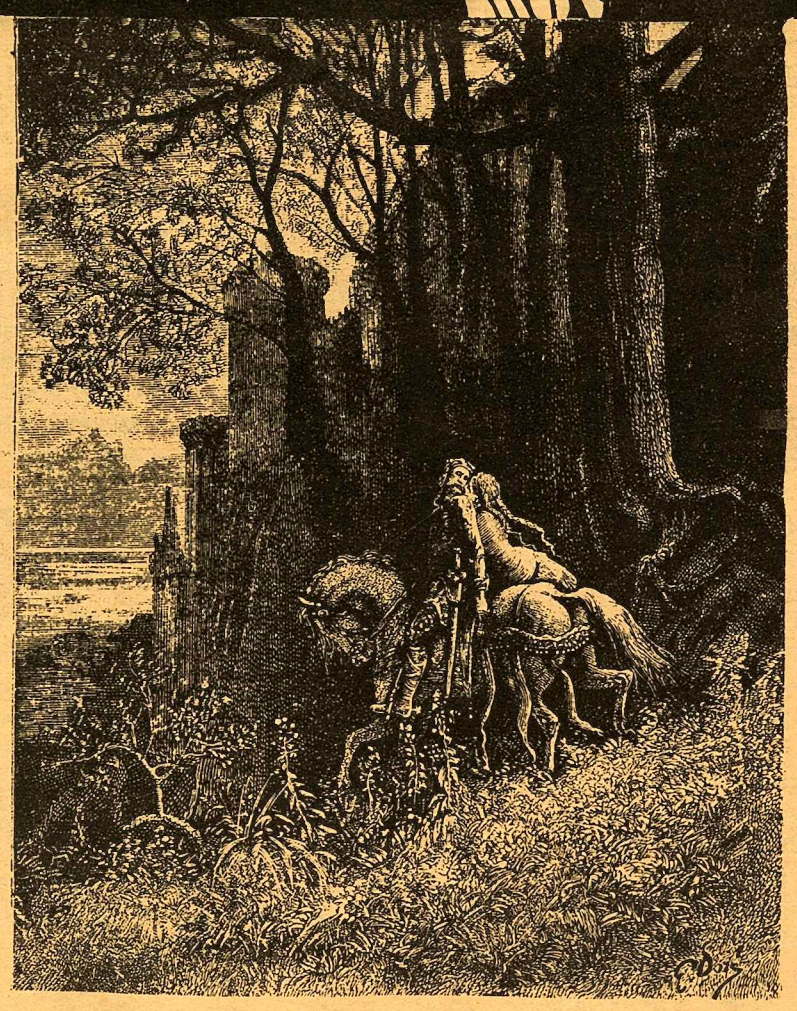

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